THE WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, July 4, 1803.

DECRIPTION *of* MADRID.

(Concluded from Page 315.)

THERE is another promenade in the neighbourhood of the Prado, the garden of the Retiro, that vaſt but unintereſting palace, ſo well known to all the world. Although this garden daily falls off, yet it ſtill retains ſome charms. Its elevated ſituation, which commands a part of the Prado, the town, and neighbouring country, its pure and refreſhing air, its fine avenues of trees and pleaſing groves, a large ſheet of water, and ſeveral ſmaller baſins, the ſhady mall, and a ſuperb menagerie of foreign animals, the great porcelain manufactory, and the artificers' dwellings, every night attract a great deal of company, who ſometimes crowd each other much in the walks along the waterſide and the great mall.

It is the firſt claſs that principally frequents this garden, becauſe an entire freedom in dreſs prevails there, and more particularly becauſe the women are obliged, by an ancient order of Count Aranda (which is rigorouſly obſerved) to unveil on entering. Hence the faſhions and changes of dreſs may here be viewed at once. As to the men, they are alſo ſubject to a particular law, which, however, is by no means oppreſſive, that of taking off their hats for a few moments when they enter the garden, which the ſentinels are ſo attentive to enforce, that to every ſtranger who is ignorant of this uſage they call out, "Senor a la entrada ſe quita el ſombrero." "On entering here, Sir, you muſt take off your hat."

There is a third promenade, formed by the avenues of trees, extending from the gate of Atocha to the Manzanares, called El Paſſeo de las Delicias, one of which leads directly by the bridge over the canal to the river; the other turns off to the

right, croſſes the fields, and again joins the former near the canal. The trees, which are well kept up, are lofty and tufted, and the place commands a view of a rich and verdant plain, watered by an infinity of ſmall foſſes.

Both perſons of faſhion and the common people frequent this promenade, the former before they go in their carriages to the Prado, the latter on Sundays. The principal object is to breathe a cooler and purer air. Hence carriages are always ſeen waiting, while the company are walking in the great meadow that runs along the Manzanares. This laſt promenade is crowded, eſpecially on Sundays, with perſons of every deſcription, who paſs the afternoon in dancing, eating, and playing at pelota, and other games.

There is another very agreeable avenue, before you arrive at the gate of Atocha, turning to the left at the end of the Prado: it leads to a carthuſian monaſtery. But this walk is rather ſolitary, and it is only when the number of carriages at the Prado is very great that the ranks extend hither, and that but very rarely.

Out of the gate to the left you paſs before ſome very fine gardens, which are full of vegetables, and each watered by a kind of chain pump, and a thick ſhady avenue leads along the edge of the fields to the gate of Alcala. The ſcenery here is pleaſant and rural, conſiſting of farms, ſheep at paſture, huſbandmen guiding the plough, and the great road, which is full of paſſengers and carriages.

Theſe are the promenades to the eaſtward: we ſhall now deſcribe the weſtern parts out of the gate called la Puerta de Segovia.

Before traverſing the ſuperb bridge, which is worthy of a finer river, the traveller may turn to the right along an avenue of trees leading to the palace of Prado. To the left he will ſee the coppice of the Manzanares, near which upon a height is the new royal palace. However various may be the judgements of architects relative to that as yet unformed maſs, all agree that in this point of view it produces a diſagreeable effect. A dead wall in ruins, with a few houſes of no great appearance riſing above it, a mean gate, and a dirty ſandhill, are not the embelliſhments we expect to adorn the approaches to a building intended for the reſidence of the firſt perſonages of the ſtate.

But let us purſue our route, which now leaves the Manzanares. The road is enlivened by fine gardens on both ſides, and the ſcenery is pleaſing and rural. Here and there are chapels, farms, houſes of ruſtic entertainment, and we breathe the pure air from the Guadarrama mountains.

To return home we deſcend into the valley, where a ſmall river runs in various narrow channels. In this part are ſeen ſeveral delightful groves, and on the banks of the different channels an infinity of waſherwomen, each having her ſeparate waſhing place,

where

where they extend their linen in ſummer, and all the neighbourhood is full of huts for waſhing and places for drying clothes. But without ſeeing the ſpot it is impoſſible to form an idea of the tumultuous chattering of ſo many waſherwomen aſſembled together.

The back part of this avenue, which is bounded by ſeveral meadows, ſerves on Sundays as a place of aſſembly and recreation for the middling claſs who inhabit the weſtern part of the capital, at which time the whole plain is covered with people taking their refreſhments on the turf, playing at pelota or at cards, and dancing boleros.

To the left of the gate of Segovia we ſoon come to a pleaſant road leading to fertile fields, and commanding a view of the cultivated hills to the right beyond the Manzanares. This road inſenſibly aſcends, and to the left are ſeen ſome tippling-houſes, where the ſoldiers of the Swiſs regiments are accuſtomed to aſſemble to play at different games. All languages are heard there, but the German is moſt prevalent, and the ſides of the road are ſeldom without ſpectators.

Farther on to the right are a ſtill greater number of rural houſes of entertainment. Thoſe who go there to drink, ſit along the road or under arbours ſhaded with branches of fir, where they gaily pour libations to the god of wine. But preſently the Manzanares and neighbouring banks are again diſcovered, then the magnificent bridge of Toledo, and in the diſtance the vineyard-houſes, which join the fartheſt of the waſherwomen's huts. Proceeding ſtill in a ſtraight line we come again to the Paſſeo de las Delicias, of which we have already given a deſcription.

By this ſketch the reader will perceive that moſt of the environs of Madrid are not ſo naked or ſo dreary as they were perhaps thirty years ago. To the northward and eaſtward alſo are fields moſtly cultivated, and by degrees the inhabitants will level the banks of ſand and of calcerous earth that ſtill remain. When we reflect on the difficulties ariſing from a barren ſoil, a burning climate, and the ſcarcity of water, we cannot ſufficiently applaud the aſſiduity and zeal beſtowed by government on the embelliſhment of the metropolis.

ANECDOTES *of* CARACTACUS.

THE Silures, or inhabitants of South Wales, under their King Caractacus, were the moſt formidable opponents the Roman generals had ever yet encountered. This brave barbarian not only made a gallant defence, but often ſeemed to claim a doubtful victory. He with great conduct removed the ſeat of war into the moſt inacceſſible parts of the country, and for nine years kept the Romans in continual alarm.

This general however, upon the approach of Oſtorius*, finding himſelf obliged to come to a deciſive engagement, addreſſed his countrymen with calm reſolution; telling them that this battle would either eſtabliſh their liberty or confirm their ſlavery; that they ought to remember the bravery of their anceſtors, by whoſe valour they were delivered from taxes and tributes, and that this was the time to ſhew themſelves equal to their progenitors. Nothing, however, that undiſciplined valour could perform, could avail againſt the conduct of the Roman legions. After an obſtinate fight the Britons were entirely routed; the wife and daughter of Caractacus were taken priſoners, and he himſelf ſeeking refuge from Cartiſmunda, queen of the Brigantes, was treacherouſly delivered up to the conquerors. When he was brought to Rome, nothing could exceed the curioſity of the people, to behold a man who had for ſo many years braved the power of the empire. On his part he teſtified no marks of baſe dejection; but as he was leading through the ſtreets, happening to obſerve the ſplendour of every object around him, "Alas!" cried he, "how is it poſſible, that people poſſeſſed of ſuch magnificence at home, could think of envying Caractacus an humble cottage in Britain!" When he was brought before the emperor, while the other captives ſued for pity, with the moſt abject lamentations, Caractacus ſtood before the tribunal with an intrepid air, and ſeemed rather willing to accept of pardon than meanly ſolicitous of ſuing for it. "If," cried he, towards the end of his ſpeech, "I had yielded immediately, and without oppoſition, neither my fortune would have been remarkable, nor your glory memorable: you would have ceaſed to be victorious, and I had been forgotten. If now, therefore, you ſpare my life, I ſhall continue a perpetual example of your clemency." Claudius† had the generoſity to pardon him, and Oſtorius was decreed a triumph, which however he did not live to enjoy.

* One of the Roman generals.

† Emperor of Rome.

Tranſlation of an ingenious Foreigner's Obſervations on the Probability there is that the French can ſucceſsfully invade Great Britain or Ireland. With Notes by the Tranſlator.

OF the Engliſh fleet (ſays this intelligent writer) we can ſay nothing that can add to its glory. It governs the ſeas, not leſs from the ſuperiority of its forces, than the perfection of its ſcience, experience, and bravery: to the moſt conſummate knowledge and ſkill, the Engliſh have, in this war, joined a boldneſs

boldneſs that equals the exploits of the moſt renowned of the Buccaneers. When fear detains their enemies in port, or at anchor under the protection of their guns, ſo that their ſhips cannot approach, the Engliſh frequently board their veſſels from boats, and in this manner carry off ſhipping which they could not otherwiſe come near or engage with; ſo that we may ſay with truth, that the Engliſh ſailors are not only ſuperior in the boldneſs of their manœuvres, but ſtill more ſo from that ſpecies of daring which is, in the higheſt degree, the combined effect of ſcience, experience, and courage. The walls of England are her navy, and her ſeamen are worthy of protecting ſo important a charge.

Not having ſufficient knowledge to enable us to form an opinion, in which we could ourſelves place any reliance, we ſhall ſpeak with caution on the poſſibility, or the degree of facility which the French may have of invading England: we will not diſcuſs this point. Circumſtances are different from what they were in the days of the two Williams, and of Louis the Eighth. But, at the ſame time, the force and boldneſs of the French are now infinitely greater, and their reſources more extenſive. If we reflect on the almoſt parallel extent of coaſt, from Uſhant to Weſt Frieſland,* on the ſhortneſs of the paſſage in ſome places, on the facility which the poſſeſſion of the Netherlands, and, we may add, of Holland and Spain, affords the French, on the accidents of a ſea that is naturally ſtormy, and on the temerity of the French, that, which perhaps is impoſſible in itſelf, does not, however, appear improbable.

Let us ſuppoſe, that with the help of favourable winds, or with the chapter of accidents on their ſide, the French ſhould ſucceed in diſembarking twelve or fifteen thouſand men in England, the maritime ſuperiority of the Engliſh would cut off all retreat for thoſe troops. Succeſs, death, or captivity, would then be the only alternatives. This body of men will chooſe a poſition on the coaſts, where they may have means to ſubſiſt, and form a kind of *tête de pont*, to enable them to wait, till the ſame wind that would drive the Engliſh veſſels from a channel which is continually in agitation, ſhould bring them reinforcements; the difficulties of this paſſage are diminiſhed when there is a certain fixed point, where a ſafe landing may be effected, and where no account is made of what is taken, but of that only which arrives.† What would the capture of fifty or ſixty thouſand

* We may add, to the moſt northern point of Sweden and Denmark; the former being naturally and notoriouſly in the intereſt of France, and the latter no leſs attached, perhaps from the animoſity ſhe imbibed againſt us after the Copenhagen buſineſs.

† Every Engliſhman ought to recollect, that the ſame wind which brings

ſand men ſignify to the French? The government would readily ſacrifice that number for the reduction of England; and, in caſe of their not being deſtroyed, would calculate upon finding them again in England. If the landing ſhould take place in Ireland, what ought we not to apprehend from the diſpoſition and temper of the people?*

To oppoſe the invaders, an army compoſed of regulars, militia, and volunteer yeomanry, would aſſemble. They muſt make up their mind to loſe a great number of men, as they ought to attack the enemy without intermiſſion, and to imitate their conduct, by which, in the beginning of the war, they eluded the Auſtrian tactics. This muſt be done not ſo much for the purpoſe of beating the enemy the firſt, ſecond, or even the tenth time, as for deſtroying a certain number of them each time, and reducing them before reinforcements could arrive, or freſh deſcents be made. It is of the greateſt importance to prevent a landing: but if it be once effected, it then becomes neceſſary to endeavour to deſtroy one corps after another.‡ The Engliſh, in reducing their battles as much as poſſible to partial engagements, after the manner of the French, would go a great way towards diminiſhing thoſe military advantages, which the French, from the rapidity of their manœuvres, would have over the Engliſh, if they fought with all their forces at once.

All the intelligent part of Europe, and every honeſt mind in it, ought to offer up prayers, that the only country, in which generoſity and virtue (qualities, if not extinguiſhed, at leaſt ſmothered every where elſe) dare to ſhew themſelves, and are honoured, may reſiſt an attack that would deſtroy the model and example of true political liberty, and thoſe reſources (hitherto (unrivalled)

brings over, *in one night*, a body of troops from Boulogne, Calais, Dunkirk, Nieuport, Oſtend, &c. prevents the Britiſh fleet from interrupting their paſſage; and every ſoldier knows how effectual a *coup-de-main*, well followed up, might be made within a ſhort diſtance from the ſeat of empire.

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* This is certainly a very flattering picture of Great Britain.—Heaven grant that the guardian genius of Engliſh liberty, aided by good ſenſe, may juſtify the colouring. Gigantic as the power of France appears to be, and dreadfully menacing under its preſent guidance, Old England can have little to apprehend, provided her firſt magiſtrate ſtands aloof from the miſchievous councils of partial factions, and her legiſlative aſſemblies ſteer a ſafe and ſteady courſe between the war-hoop of a deſperate junto, and the yielding temper of ſome of their opponents. To uſe a military phraſe, the whole camp ſhould not, certainly, be under arms, but the quarter and rear-guards, and the out-lying picquets ſhould be upon the alert. Europe is in a ſtate of war, notwithſtanding the concluſion of the late war, and England, above all other countries, ought to be vigilant, if not jealous, and ſuſpicious, under the tremendous influence of her neighbour.

Deſcription of the City of Waſhington, the new Seat of Government of the United States of North America; with Obſervations on the probable natural Cauſes of its future Riſe or Decay.

By a VISITANT.

THE ſcite of the city of Waſhington is a tract of ground laying between the fork of the eaſtern and weſtern branches of the river Potowmac, which, at their confluence, form an obtuſe angle. This ground was originally covered with foreſt trees, and is ſtill ſo except thoſe ſpots which have been cleared to make way for buildings. The city commences at the point of confluence, and diverges from thence eaſtwardly and weſtwardly, from one branch to the other, and northwardly to their ſources. On the ſide which is not bounded by either branch, lies the open country, ſo that the city may proceed to a vaſt extent unchecked by any other ſettlement, except George Town, which occupies a part of this triangular piece of ground, upon the weſtern branch, a little above the confluence. It is ſeparated from Waſhington by a very ſmall creek, and is now become, as it were, a ſuburb of it. The lines for the ſtreets, according to the plan drawn by Mr. Ellicott, the ſtate's ſurveyor, have been cut through the foreſt. They run in a ſtraight direction, from branch to branch, eaſt and weſt, and are interſected by others, croſſing them at right angles north and ſouth. Thoſe leading to the

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grand avenues are laid out from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and ſixty feet in width, the others from ninety to one hundred and ten feet.

Waſhington wears, at preſent, rather a groteſque than picturesque, figure. The different proprietors and purchaſers have cleared the wood upon their own lands, and erected houſes, or parts of houſes, leaving the adjacent ground to be cleared by thoſe to whom it may hereafter belong: ſo that, except at Greenleaf's Point, and one or two other places, where there is ſomething like a continuation of buildings, the whole is a kind of patch-work. At one place, a finiſhed houſe preſents itſelf, totally ſurrounded by wood; at another, a half-finiſhed one; at a third, foundations of houſes only are to be ſeen; and at a fourth three or four unfiniſhed carcaſes; ſo that a very correct calculation of the number, or topographical deſcription of the whole, cannot be expected. In 1799, the number of finiſhed houſes might be about 400, and the unfiniſhed, half of that number. In the beginning of 1803, the number of both together were nearly 1200. The houſes are three ſtories high, of very complete brick-work and ſlated. Beſides theſe there were a number of frame houſes, or temporary wooden buildings, for the accommodation of workmen, labourers, &c. The latter, are, in time, to give way to more elegant buildings, according to the original deſign. The capitol, from the appearance of the only wing, which is built of hewn-ſtone, promiſes, when the centre and correſponding wing ſhall be added and the circumjacent grounds properly laid out, to be a very ſuperb and well decorated edifice; but as the architect, who built the wing now ſtanding, has quitted the United States, and left no plan of the centre, the taſte of this moſt material part of the building reſts with his ſucceſſor, and any further obſervation is precluded. When finiſhed, it is intended to contain the two houſes of congreſs, all the public offices, and national inſtitutes.

The preſident's houſe, which is finiſhed, is a very neat piece of plain ſquare architecture of hewn-ſtone, in the modern ſtyle. It ſtands nearly in the centre between the two branches of the Potowmac, and about the diſtance of a mile from their confluence. A ſtreet of the wideſt dimenſions leads to it; at the caſtern end of which a bridge of hewn-ſtone is intended to be built over that branch of the Potowmac, into Maryland. Over this bridge will be the main-road from the northern to the ſouthern ſtates. A little below where this bridge is to be built, ſtands the navy-yard, in which a ſeventy-four gun ſhip is now building; but it is, at preſent, like all other navy-yards in the United States, unincloſed. The Waſhington-hotel, the chief houſe of public accommodation, is a very ſpacious and commodious brick building, ſituated between the capitol and the preſident's houſe. The other houſes are very ſubſtantial, commodious, and well-

finiſhed: but as the buildings are very detached, and the views, from the intervening woods, very broken and interrupted, nothing but a bird's-eye proſpect can give a perfect idea of this city *in embryo*. Something like a gueſs may be formed of the appearance of, here and there a ſuperb public edifice; brick houſes finiſhed and unfiniſhed; mingled with temporary wooden huts, and interſperſed with lofty trees. Scarce any thing like connection is to be obſerved; but as the regularity of the plan is every where ſtrictly obſerved, when the chaſms begin to diminiſh, it muſt form the grandeſt piece of architectural uniformity in the world.

The Potowmac is a noble river; and the circumſtance already mentioned, of a ſeventy-four being laid down on one of its branches, leaves no doubt of its channel being deep enough for mercantile ſhips of any burthen to unload at the wharfs.

The Americans cheriſh a belief that, at no very diſtant period of time, Waſhington will not only be the handſomeſt, but the largeſt city in the univerſe, Briſſot, in his "Commerce of America with Europe," condemns this *rage* for great cities, in the Americans. He calls it a great evil, which will contribute more than any other thing to the ruin of republican ſpirit. This may be true in a political point of view; but in a moral one, it is quite the reverſe. It will be happy for mankind, if, following the example of the Americans, the conteſt betwixt nations ſhall hereafter be, which ſhall build the fineſt cities, not which ſhall ravage the moſt. It will be more congenial to humanity, to witneſs the competition between the heroes of the trowel, than thoſe of the ſword; as well as more beneficial to poſterity; ſince it is obvious that Blenheim-houſe hath long ſurvived the advantages reaped by the Britiſh nation from the victories which it was built to commemorate.

Waſhington ſtands on a very commanding ſituation. The regularity of plan upon which the ſtreets are laid out, and the uniformity of the conſtruction of the houſes, will far exceed any thing of the kind ever before attempted; and if thoſe natural cauſes, which muſt neceſſarily be concurrent to the eſtabliſhment of large cities, ſhould be congenial, Waſhington will ſtand a monument of the ſpirit of enterpriſe, activity, and perſeverance of its founders. But even thoſe qualities, ſo very eſſential to ſucceſs, will not always inſure it. Waſhington may never arrive at its expected grandeur; it may be even injurious to the United States that it ſhould. If Waſhington ſhould become the emporium of the United States, the other commercial cities and towns, Boſton, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, Charleſton, &c. may fall to decay through the removal of their moſt opulent merchants, who will as naturally flock to ſhare the increaſing opulence of Waſhington, as flies to a honey-pot. This will be like feeding the body at the expence of the

members; the former becomes dropſical, whilſt the latter falls into a decline. If it be aſked, why has not the immenſe diſproportion of London to the other parts of England thoſe injurious effects? The anſwer is ready and plain. All parts of England have as numerous a population as can ſubſiſt by agriculture; the ſuperfluity are therefore driven into large communities to gain a livelihood by commerce and manufactures. The caſe is exactly the reverſe with reſpect to the United States, where there is a very trifling population, compared with the immenſity of their territory. Its vaſt extent conſidered, a ſprinkling of ſmall towns muſt be infinitely more advantageous than a few large ones; and, perhaps, any thing like a town ſhould be avoided. Of this opinion are the Abbé Mably, Dr. Price, the Count de Mirabeau, Briſſot, and other writers, who have endeavoured to prove that great cities, commerce, and manufactures, will be baneful to the Americans, whoſe only purſuits ſhould be agriculture.

MEMOIRS *of* JOHN WOLCOTT, M. D.

[Abridged from his Life, in the firſt Volume of "Public Characters," by Orlando.]

THIS writer, better known by his poetical appellation of Peter Pindar, is a native of Dodbrook, near Kingſbridge. He received his education at Kingſbridge, from which place he went to France, to complete his ſtudies. His uncle, a ſurgeon, &c. of Fowey, in Cornwall, being a ſingle man, took his nephew when young, with a view to his ſucceeding him in buſineſs.

In 1769 he went to Jamaica, with Sir William Trelawney, governor of Jamaica; on his arrival at Jamaica, he practiſed as a phyſician, and was actually nominated phyſician-general to the iſland, after which he returned to England, and practiſed as a phyſician, at Truro, with great credit and ſucceſs. His uncle ſoon after died, and left him two thouſand pounds. Our author's firſt literary production was an "Epiſtle to the Reviewers," a truly laughable piece of ſatire, and certainly diſcharged againſt fair game.

Some time after he produced a performance of more originality and boldneſs than any he had before written; this was the Louiſiad, a mock heroic poem, abounding in wit, humour, and ſtrength. The foundation on which our ſatiriſt erected this lively piece was as follows: his majeſty one afternoon, at dinner, actually diſcovered a louſe on his plate, among his green peaſe. This offenſive object occaſioned a decree to be iſſued forth, ordering all the cooks, ſcullions, &c. in the royal kitchen, to have their heads ſhaved. On this incident Peter formed his excellent

excellent production, and the *truth* of it alone was what exempted him from profecution.

His next production was an epiſtle to James Boſwell, Eſq. the ſelf-ſufficient attendant upon Dr. Johnſon in his tour to the Hebrides. This was followed by " Biozzi and Piozzi,"—&c. &c.

The greateſt ſucceſs now attended our author's publications, which were tranſlated into all the languages of Europe, and are read at this moment in the cottages of America. Never did any ſatiriſt diſplay ſuch various excellence. Thoſe who diſapproved of his ſentiments, and were offended at his freedom and want of reſpect for authority, could not read his poems with unmoved muſcles. To give a catalogue of his numerous writings would be needleſs: there can be no occaſion to ſpecify at length what is univerſally known, and as univerſally admired. Though our author has ſhone moſt conſpicuouſly as a ſatiriſt (and here indeed his ſplendour has been of an extraordinary brilliancy), yet the reader of his ſonnets will regret his having devoted ſo much of his time and genius to temporary and perſonal ſubjects.

The admirers of poetical elegance may laugh at Peter's pleaſant tales and whimſical deſcriptions, but they will feel a more exquiſite ſenſation on peruſing the tender and ſentimental effuſions of his pen.

It may not be amiſs to remark, that in his converſation our ſatiriſt exhibits no ſymptoms of acerbity, but on the contrary diſplays an unuſual proportion of information, hilarity, and good nature.

It is with pleaſure we announce that Dr. Wolcott, in reſpect to pecuniary arrangements, is comfortable; and we believe he once more practiſes as a phyſician.

On the CUSTOMS *of the Ancient* BATAVIANS.

THE Batavians, in common with the Germans, from whom they ſprung, were a fierce, rough, and hardy race of mortals; huge of ſtature, vaſt of limb, and of a daring and imperious front, that beſpoke the uttermoſt contempt of dangers. They were inured to all the viciſſitudes of the ſeaſons; to hunger, cold, and every hardſhip attendant on the chace of wild beaſts, or the avocation of war; the latter, however, they very ſeldom waged, without great previous wrongs having been ſuſtained; but when their indignation was once arouſed, it was as difficult to elude as to aſſuage their vengeance. Among the braveſt nations of Germany, they were ſignalized for intrepidity, ſagacity, and juſtice, and the moſt noble ingenuouſneſs of ſoul that knew not what was deceit. They were faithful, hoſpitable, and ſo chaſte, that proſtitution of females had no place.

The married held in the ſtricteſt obſervance the reverence due to the marriage vows, and adultery, as well as proſtitution, was unknown among them. Polygamy was only tolerated in their moſt illuſtrious chiefs, ſome of whom took two wives. All the nations of Germany were more or leſs addicted to ebriety, nor were the Batavians too abſtemious; the ſpirit of gaming led them to ſhocking exceſſes, and not unfrequently, when every other kind of property, home, cattle, wife and offspring, were their's no more, they ſet their perſonal freedom as the laſt deſperate ſtake, and went into endleſs ſlavery, if the caſt of the dice proved inauſpicious.

In the felleſt cold, hail, ſleet, or ſnow, the young Batavians went dreſſed in their birth-day ſuits! *i. e.* as naked as they were born. It was not till they had attained full maturity, that they wore the ſhaggy ſpoils of the chace, which they ſtained with a foreign dye. This mantle they flung careleſsly over their ſhoulders, faſtening it round the neck with a claſp or buckle, or more frequently with a thorn; their legs, thighs, and arms were left bare. The moſt illuſtrious or wealthy were diſtinguiſhed by a coſtume, not open and flowing as thoſe of the Parthians or Marmatians, but ſo tight and cloſe, that all the lineaments of the form were viſible. The dreſs of the females ſcarcely varied in any reſpect from that of the males, excepting that they wore a linen head-dreſs not unlike a turban, adorned with purple colour; and (as their fair deſcendants do at preſent) went with their arms and neck entirely naked. The national colour of their hair was a deep yellow, which they wore plaited, and tied in a knot upon the crown, leaving ſome locks to flow in graceful ringlets on their ſhoulders. The men were more vain and proud of their hair than the women, and made uſe of lees and drugs to increaſe the deſirable golden tint. The wanton and voluptuous Romans were pleaſed with their yellow locks, which by their means became renowned for beauty, even in imperial Rome. The adult males of the Batavians wore a cap or hat neatly wove of twigs, fitting cloſe to the head, with a very ſmall rim, and their beards they wore in general long or buſhy. Some of their principal men wore enormouſly large whiſkers, but ſhaved off the other part of the beard; and ſome again ſuffered the beard on the upper lip to grow ſo long, that hanging over their mouth, it deſcended to the breaſt, ſo that when they ate or drank, the food remained ſticking to it, and their drink was ſtrained as through a ſieve.

Their old warriors who had loſt a friend in battle, let the hair grow till his death was avenged; the young warriors let their locks and beard grow unſhorn till they had ſlain a foe in combat. They had neither fortified towns or cities, prior to the arrival of the Romans, nor knew they of the art of ſecuring the country from inundations, by dykes. Their huts, built of timber, and covered

covered with reed or ſtraw, were placed on ſmall artificial eminences, called terpen, or torpen, not cloſe together, but detached, and ſurrounded by a wharf or quay. No regular order of ſtreets, &c. was preſerved, but each one reared his cabin on the ſpot which beſt pleaſed him. Of coſtly furniture they knew not, for upon the ſame floor ſlept the chieftain and his ſteed. Of what is generally underſtood by the word learning, they had nothing, for neither high nor low, rich nor poor, knew the uſe of letters. The Romans who conquered, civilized them, and taught them to fortify their towns, to read and write, and other uſeful arts.

The Batavians were very expert horſemen, and greatly excelled in ſwimming, and, in the hotteſt of the fight, plunged headlong into the moſt deep, broad, and rapid ſtreams to cut off retreats, or break the order of the foe, by ſudden, furious, and unexpected onſets. They made but ſeldom any uſe of a ſword in battle, but of a ſpear or javelin, which in cloſe or diſtant engagement they uſed with amazing dexterity and effect: thoſe weapons were called trameen. The cavalry, with a ſhield and a trameen, were reckoned fully armed: the ſhields were made of oſier, curiouſly interwoven, of an oblong ſhape, painted and ornamented with rude repreſentations of the heads of beaſts, arrows, lightnings, &c. Excluſive of thoſe weapons the infantry made uſe of ſpears, with great ſkill, and threw with great preciſion to amazing diſtances. Few of the Batavians wore armour; ſome, however, had helmets on in battle. Their greateſt might lay in their infantry: their cavalry was neither beautiful nor fleet, nor trained to evolutions to make or ſhun a charge. They ruſhed to the attack with an impetuoſity that was almoſt irreſiſtible, and their leaders held their line in order. In the midſt of their battles the Batavians were animated by the ſhouts and ſhrieks of their wives and children, who from afar beheld the combat, and thoſe well-known cries in the moment of need, ſmote their hearts, and brought afreſh to the minds of the warriors the dangers which awaited thoſe deareſt pledges of their affection, filled their ſouls with new fury, and not unfrequently decided their dubious flight, and led to victory and triumph. The mothers and the wives attended on the wounded, waſhed their gory limbs, and ſucked with their lips the venom from the wound. The women were alſo accuſtomed to ſtop the fugitives who were retreating from the field, and by tears and reproaches ſend them to renew the combat for their families and freedom.

All domeſtic matters, and all that had concern with agriculture, was committed to the women and aged men. The food of the Batavians was ſimple as poſſible. They ate wild apples, milk, butter, and cheeſe. They made a ſort of thick pap (ſuch as in Ireland and Scotland is uſed by the poor people, called

ſtir-about) of wild oats and barley. They had tame cattle, which they ſlaughtered for food, and in the woods they chaced the wild beaſts for the ſame uſe, and uſed their hides for mantles. They made a fermented drink from boiled barley, which in taſte and effects bore a great reſemblance to wine. To marry at an early age, was univerſally condemned by all the German tribes. The marriages were concluded in the preſence of the relations of each contracting party: the marriage-portion was not given by the woman to the man, but by the bridegroom to his bride. The gifts were not ſuch as ladies are now beſt pleaſed with, neither ſilks, nor laces, nor precious jewels; but the bride received a couple of oxen, a trained horſe, a ſword, a javelin, and a ſhield, and the bride preſented to her future lord ſome warlike weapons, whereby the contract was confirmed. Theſe ſingular bridal gifts were intended to remind the bride of her future duties, to ſhare in the calm of peace, the tempeſts of war, to participate in all the fortunes of her huſband, to conſole him in affliction, and maintain an eternal fidelity. It was eſteemed a great diſgrace for women, by any arts, to prevent the bearing of children, or to murder the newly born, for the ſake of avoiding incumbrances in wars, migrations, &c. The mothers never entruſted their babes to ſuck any ſtrange breaſts, or committed the care of their infants to wet nurſes. Property ſeems to have been in common with them. The Germans in general made uſe of but little ceremony in diſpoſing of their dead. The bodies of their moſt illuſtrious chiefs were burnt on huge funeral piles, and the arms and ſteed of the dead were ſometimes caſt into the flames. Grief hung heavy on their ſouls, their cries and loud lamentations quickly ceaſed; but ſorrow dwelt long in their hearts, and chearfulneſs and mirth returned but by very ſlow degrees.

HISTORY *of* TRINITY AUDIT-ALE.

A Perſon more diſtinguiſhed for drinking copiouſly of the liquor of Helicon, than of the fermentations of Sir John Barleycorn, was extremely diſguſted, on hearing mention made of Trinity Audit-Ale. Odious! exclaimed the learned gentleman, can any aſſociations be more offenſive than a literary ſociety and a brewery? What can Trinity Audit-Ale mean? A perſon in company, accuſtomed to feel about for analogies, began to ſet his wits at work, to trace the connection, and, if neceſſary, to frame an apology for Trinity Audit-Ale. He proceeded thus: Have not the muſes in all ages had their favourite beverage, their water of Helicon, their fountain of Aganippe, their Pegaſean ſtreams, their Fons Caballinus? And why may not a learned ſociety have its ale?

Have

Have not poets, however, in all ages, and in all countries, celebrated Bacchus, the *genialis conſitor uvæ*, the planter of the genial vine? And why ſhould not a learned ſociety aſcribe due honours to Sir John Barleycorn?

Ale, thought he again, is a kind of compromiſe between wine and water. Poets and men of fancy are fond of wine, mathematicians and men of profundity drink water. Ale is a kind of link between both, where men of fancy and men of profundity may all unite. Then again, has not every country, almoſt, its favourite liquor? Hence the Spartan broth; the French ſoup; Germans have their mum; the Dutch love the Juniper-berry; the Scotch and the Iriſh are attached to whiſkey. Why ſhould not a learned ſociety have its ale?

Nay, have not people of different profeſſions their appropriate liquors? Phyſicians love port; ſailors punch and grog; lawyers coffee; and, to aſcend as high as poſſible, have not the gods their nectar? The clergy—here he was reminded of Pope's line in the prologue to the Dunciad,

" Is there a parſon much bemus'd with beer?"

and had a wicked notion come into his head, which, I am ſure, is not true, but for which Mr. Pope is to be blamed, viz. that ale was always the favourite beverage of the clergy.

But away with reveries! a ſingle fact, well aſcertained, ſaves trouble, and demoliſhes many a ſyſtem of analogies. To the queſtion, What can Trinity Audit-Ale mean? a plain anſwer remains to be given.

To audit is, as every body knows, to cloſe an account: and it is equally well known, that the colleges poſſeſs throughout the kingdom numerous eſtates, which they let to different tenants. Now, when the tenants come to the college, at the cloſe of the year, to have their accounts audited, it is cuſtomary with the ſociety to invite them to dinner; and, as good eating requires good drinking, there is ſome excellent ale brewed on the occaſion by Trinity-college, hence called Trinity Audit-Ale. Of this rare beverage the ſociety is by no means parſimonious. A vaſt quantity of it is brewed, and very liberal portions of it are conveyed by the fellows to their friends in every part of the kingdom.

The fame of Trinity Audit-Ale is as far extended, as that of Cottenham-cheeſe. Who has not heard of Trinity Audit-Ale? a liquor more penetrating than Dorcheſter ale, and more ſubſtantial than Brown-ſtout.

ROYAL OATHS.

IN former times ſovereign princes had their favourite oaths, which they made uſe of on all occaſions when their feelings or paſſions were excited. The oaths of the Engliſh monarchs are on record, and a liſt of them might eaſily be made out by having recourſe to the old writers of our hiſtory from the conqueſt to the reign of Elizabeth, who did not ſcruple, pious queen and good mother of the church of England as ſhe was, to ſwear by *God's wounds*, an oath iſſuing at this time frequently from vulgar mouths, but ſoftened down to *zounds*. Brantome, who lived in the court of Francis I. cotemporary with Henry VIII. Elizabeth's father, has recorded the oaths of four ſucceeding monarch's immediately preceding his time. He informs his readers that Lewis XI. ſwore by the *Paſque Dieu* (God's Eaſter); Charles VIII. ſwore *Par le jour Dieu* (by God's light); Lewis XII. uſed an oath ſtill common amongſt the French rabble, *Diable m'emporte* (the Devil take me); but the oath of Francis, the firſt of that name, was poliſhed enough for the preſent day; it was *Foi de Gentilhomme* (on the word of a gentleman.)

POISON, *uſed as a* STRATAGEM *of* WAR.

THE uſe of *poiſon* in war is now very juſtly conſidered as contrary to the law of arms, and a practice by no means allowable to be uſed againſt an enemy. It does not appear to have been looked upon in the ſame light in the age when *Brantome*, the French writer before-mentioned, lived. In his hiſtory of M. de Conty, the French king's lieutenant for the ſtates of Milan and beyond the Alps, he ſays the wines of a village near Milan were *poiſoned*, by his order, in order to deſtroy an army of Swiſs, and this he ſtyles *un des beaux troits qu'il fit en ſa charge*, a notable exploit in the execution of his command. However, the horrid ſtratagem failed of its effect, owing, as *Brantome* ſuppoſes, to the drug ſinking to the bottom of the caſks; but 200 French freebooters *(avanturiers Francois)* who came there afterwards, and probably drained the caſks to the laſt drop, were all *poiſoned* to a man.

CHARACTER *of the* PARISIANS.

VOLTAIRE, being aſked what he thought of the people of Paris—"The Pariſians," anſwered he, "raiſe ſtatues and pull them down again; they ſpend their time in theatres, hiſſing, and clapping hands; they have leſs ingenuity than the Athenians had, with all their faults, and more than double their extravagancies."

Remarkable SAYING *of* HOBBES.

THE ſatirical ſaying is ſuppoſed to have originated with Hobbes, "That religion is a ſuperſtition in faſhion; and ſuperſtition a religion out of faſhion." For a political philoſopher, the criterion is ill choſen: more in character would have been the definition: religion is uſeful ſuperſtition, and ſuperſtition is uſeleſs religion.

This author's writings made much noiſe when firſt publiſhed, but are now not much regarded.

SINGULAR CHARACTER.

A Few weeks ſince departed this life, at Camſbarren, near Stirling, Mr. J. Hoſier. He was born in 1699, and was about 45 years old when he firſt married; after which he ſerved two years as a private in the army. During his life he had two wives, by whom he had 15 children; his ſecond marriage was in 1772. He was 83 years old when he had his laſt child; and though repeatedly expoſed to the infection of ſmall pox, yet he was not affected till the age of 95, when he ſuffered under an uncommon load of pock; having recovered, he enjoyed a better ſtate of health than he had done for ſome time before. He was naturally ſhort-ſighted; but in the 80th year of his age, his ſight was ſo much renewed that, though reading ſmall print, he never had occaſion to uſe glaſſes. At this period of his life he, all at once, gave up drinking ſpirituous liquors, to which, for a long time, he had been ſo much addicted, as to become frequently intoxicated. His body was well made and ſtout; he was 5 feet 5 inches high; and walked remarkably upright; his cheſt was prominent, his neck thick and ſhort, and his head of the ordinary ſize. He lived chiefly on coarſe country food, except that, during the laſt ten years of his life, he became particularly fond of tea. He wrought moſtly in the fields at laborious work, which he continued till within a month previous to his death. In September, 1802, he walked for half a mile with a load upon his back, which, with difficulty, any ordinary man could have raiſed from the ground. Several years ago it was advertiſed in the public papers, that an Admiral Hoſier had died, and left a ſum of money which his relations might have upon application; and though, as he had an uncle of the name of Hoſier, formerly in the navy, there was little doubt of his being one of thoſe relations: yet, conſidering that, at ſuch an advanced period of life, eaſe of mind was preferable to the expectation of riches, he could not be prevailed on to make any application.

Anſwer, by J. Squance, of Exeter, to J. Tremlett's Rebus, inſerted April 25.

FUNEN's the iſland, Sir, I find,
That was the ſubject of your mind.

Anſwer, by R. Maffett, of Saltaſh, to J. O. Zillwood's Rebus, inſerted May 2.

THE HART huntſmen and hounds purſue
Till it gives up, or bids adieu.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from R. Holwell, J. Squance, Orlando, and Henry Humphreys, of Exeter; Thomas Bullock, of St. Columb; J. Tremlett, and S. L. Margary, of Newton Abbot; J. Harris, of Kingſteington; W. Cole, of Broadhempſton; and T. Coumbes, of St. German's.

Anſwer, by Recluſe, of Awliſcombe, to Mars's Rebus, inſerted May 2.

THE initials, Sir, when right combin'd,
NERO's the Roman you will find.

✱✱ We have received the like anſwer from A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; J. O. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter; J. Cannon, of Ottery; J. Tremlett, and S. L. Margary, of Newton Abbot; R. Holwell, of Exeter; J. Harris, of Kingſteington; T. Rutger, of Clowance; P. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell; William Gifford, of South Petherton; J. Channon, of Ottery; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; R. Maffett, of Saltaſh; and R. Pentreath.

A REBUS, *by William Row, of Wellington.*

A Foreign animal firſt find;
A fruit you then ſhould bring to mind;
Thirdly, an inſect you muſt frame;
And then ſelect a liquid's name;
Laſtly, a fiſh pray bring to view;
Th' initials join, and it will do:
And if from war we're not ſet free,
'Tis what we ſurely ought to be.

An ENIGMA, *by J. Paſcal.*

FIRM as a rock, on Albion's ſea-girt ſhore,
Where furious winds, and foaming ſurges roar,
Bold as a lion in the foreſt drear,
Whoſe midnight howling fills the breaſt with fear,
Emblem of theſe, ſtrong, noble, fierce am I,
Scorning all dangers, every fear defy.
Aſk gallant Nelſon, Britain's favourite ſon,
If not by me the nobleſt conqueſts won?
Urg'd on by me brave Cook afar did roam,
Thro' boiſterous ſeas, to lands before unknown.
When fierce Bellona mounts her glittering car,
And ſounding trump proclaims the ſanguine war,
Inſpir'd by me the ſoldier ſeeks applauſe,
And gains fair laurels in his country's cauſe.

§*§ *Correſpondents are expected to pay the poſtage of their letters.*

POETRY.

Nathaniel Bloomfield's Deſcription of his Father.

I Faintly remember the man,
Who died when I was a child;
But far as my young mind could ſcan,
His manners were gentle and mild:
He won infant ears with his lore,
Nor let young ideas run wild,
Tho' his hand the ſevere rod of pow'r
Never ſway'd o'er a trembling child.

Nor anxiouſly careful for pelf,
Melancholic and thoughtful his mind
Look'd inward, and dwelt on itſelf,
Still penſive, pathetic, and kind;
Yet oft in deſpondency drown'd,
He from friends and from converſe would fly,
In weeping a luxury found,
And reliev'd others' woes with a ſigh.

In ſolitude long would he ſtay,
And long lock'd in ſilence his tongue;
Then he hummed an elegiac lay,
Or a pſalm penitential he ſung.
But if with his friends he regal'd,
His mirths, as his griefs, knew no bounds;
In no tale of Mark Sargent he fail'd,
Nor in all Robin Hood's derry downs.

Thro' the poor widow's long, lonely years,
Her father ſupported us all:
Yet ſure ſhe was loaded with cares,
Being left with ſix children ſo ſmall.
Meagre want never lifted her latch;
Her cottage was ſtill tight and clean;
And the caſement beneath its low thatch
Commanded a view o'er the green.

Verſes written by a young Gentleman of Bath, in his 15th Year, on his Mother's Birth-day.

IN gladſome ſtrains I'll touch my lyre,
And grateful rouſe the latent fire
Of poetry divine;
To celebrate the bliſsful morn,
Which firſt on thee began to dawn,
Delightful taſk be mine.

Propitious aid my ſoaring ſong,
And gently guide thy bard along,
Goddeſs ſerenely fair;
Sweet muſe, around whoſe moſs-grown cell,
The modeſt bluſhing graces dwell,
And fancy, queen of air.

Each op'ning flow'ret haſte to bring,
The pride of each revolving ſpring,
To deck her rural brow;
Salute her airy fancy's queen,
Or trip it lightly o'er the green,
Or low before her bow.

While I a grateful gift will bring;
Not flow'ret of th' opening ſpring,
Or violet of the grove;
Not roſe ſurcharg'd by copious rain,
No trivial boon, nor light, nor vain,
The tribute of my love.

And oft as each revolving year,
Shall bring this joyous period near,
My vows to Heav'n I'll pay;
Low, bending on my knees implore,
That Heav'n may bleſs thee more and more,
And ſmooth with bliſs thy way!

Make me return thy early care,
Thy anxious, fond, unceaſing fear,
With holy, grateful love;
More pleaſing to a parent's mind,
Still to their offſpring's bliſs inclin'd,
Than moſs-roſe of the grove.

For ah its charms ſoon pine and fade,
More tranſient than the noon-tide ſhade
Or June's refreſhing ſhow'r;
But gratitude's ethereal flame,
Unchang'd, immortal, ſtill the ſame,
A never-fading flower!

Beauty a poor, an empty name,
A tranſient moment may remain,
Or ſtay a ſhort-liv'd hour;
But gratitude's celeſtial ſway,
To time, to ages, ne'er gives way,
Virtue's moſt lovely flower.

C. C.

R——y-ſchool, Wilts, April 14, 1803.

WIT—SENSE—LOVE.

NO, wit, not now a witty word,
Nor any witty thing,

Can

Can my weak, witleſs mind afford,
I can nor write nor ſing.
Yet whilom I could ſing or write,
In happy rhyming fit;
But love, I fear, has marr'd me quite,
For love's a foe to wit.

No, ſenſe, a thing that's ſenſible,
I, ſenſeleſs, cannot ſay;
My ſenſes, how I cannot tell,
Are taken all away.
Inſenſibly they all are gone,
And gone for ever hence;
On Cupid's wing I fear they're flown,
For love's a foe to ſenſe.

No, wit and ſenſe, by ſome admir'd,
How much ſo'er ye be,
No longer can ye be deſir'd
By witleſs, ſenſeleſs me.
No charms in either can I ſpy,
My love-ſick ſoul to move;
No love for wit or ſenſe have I,
For love loves nought but love!

A Farewell to England, by Miſs Shackleton, daughter to the learned Quaker, Abraham Shackleton, of Balitore, in Ireland, Tutor to the late celebrated Mr. Burke.

TO Britain's iſle a long farewell!
Where plenty ſmiles and pleaſures dwell;
Farewell, ye woods, all waving wide,
Ye vales attir'd in ſummer's pride,
Ye towers, which proudly riſe in air,
Ye cots, ſo cleanly and ſo fair.
Now Cambria's rocky wilds appear,
Her mountains rude, and vallies drear,
While ſolemn midnight rules the ſky,
And darkneſs veils the dangers nigh,
Save when the ſullen gleams diſplay
The rocky ſteep beſide our way;
While the full torrent's hollow roar
Sounds ſadly on the ſandy ſhore;
And fancy dreads in every ſhade
The midnight robber's murd'ring blade.

And now we view the ocean wide,
And now the ſwelling ſurge we ride:
Loud roars the wind, the billows heave,
Swift bounds the bark from wave to wave.
Oppreſs'd with ſickneſs, pale we lie,
And wiſh for land—the land is nigh;
Hibernia's welcome iſle appears,
Returning health our ſpirit cheers.
There, ſeated in her beauteous bay,
Elbana's towers their pride diſplay;
But there tumultuous folly raves,
And high her torch dire diſcord waves;
Then, haſte me to my native plain,
Where all the peaceful pleaſures reign.
Once more my longing eye devours
Her ſilent ſtream, and modeſt bowers;
Once more the welcome dear I prove,
Of friends whom, as myſelf, I love;
Once more confeſs, where'er I roam,
No place I find ſo dear as home.
Oh Thou! whoſe kind paternal hand
Preſerves by ſea, protects by land,
Grant us ſweet peace, 'tis thine alone,
To a tumultuous world unknown;
That, whether warring winds engage,
Or reſtleſs human paſſions rage,
A ſacred refuge we may find—
The temple of a quiet mind.

Lines upon viewing a Church, which was conſpicuous to two Friends, who were tenderly attached to each other.

WHENE'ER with anxious eyes I trace,
That conſecrated ſhrine;
In thought I view that angel face,
Still gazing upon mine!
But ah! the ſoft idea flies,
Which aerial fancy forms;
So ſable clouds o'erſpread the ſkies,
In unexpected ſtorms!
And tho' one ſpot we both behold,
One ſacred object ſee,
Yet, my Louiſa, I've been told,
Not to approach tow'rd thee!
Yet ſtill, my love, no human power
The mind can e'er controul,
For tho' divided—ev'ry hour
You occupy my ſoul!
And as but few ſhort fleeting years
For either can remain;
The bright'ning proſpect ſweetly cheers
The ſenſe of preſent pain!
Then, my Louiſa, we ſhall meet
In realms of perfect joy,
Where kindred ſouls in tranſport greet,
Without the leaſt alloy.

On a Lady's Hive of Bees ſwarming juſt as ſhe came to enquire of the Gardener the Cauſe of Delay.

IN vain, for many a noon-day warm,
The gardner vow'd her hive would ſwarm,
But when the fair one came in view,
Quick roſe they up, and off they flew.
Sol's beams too faint, they would not riſe,
But ſwarm'd by Delia's brighter eyes.